

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"



U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED



THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY



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4

APRIL, 1928

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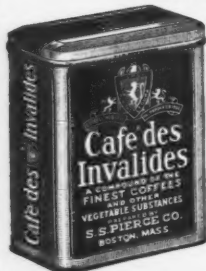
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Lantern slides, reproducing above, 40 cents each.

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 61

April, 1928

No. 4

Please read on page 56 our appeal for the work in Fez, Morocco.

We wish all success to the Lawrence local branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Every new man, woman and child interested in our cause is an added force for good.

The *Tacoma News Tribune* finely says few more eloquent tributes were ever paid a dog than the following: "Dog Lost. Brindle and white, old, deaf, blind. Phone —; reward \$100."

Must we give up the old saying that the ostrich hides its head in the sand and thinks itself safe? According to those who know, it simply crouches down as low as possible so as to hide its outline as best it can, but does not hide its head in the sand.

The hearing before the Massachusetts legislative conservation committee on the anti-trapping bill heard in February last revealed a widespread public sympathy with the purpose to find some substitute for the barbarous cruelty of the steel trap.

Few men connected with Harvard College are more widely known than Professor Charles Townsend Copeland. The boys all call him Copey. As teacher of English and reader his fame has gone far. Listen to him: "There are three things I cannot forgive in a man. He must not lie to me; he must not be unchivalrous to women; and he must not be unkind to dumb animals."

The Department of Agriculture under date of January 1, 1928, estimates the number of horses and horse colts in the United States as 14,541,000, a decrease of 4 per cent since the last census, 1925, mules and mule colts 5,566,000, a decrease of 2 per cent. All cattle show a decrease of 2 per cent, while sheep gained 6.5 per cent, hogs 8.4 per cent, and dairy cattle 1 per cent. The production of meats in the United States, according to the Department of Agriculture, declined during 1927, 373,000,000 pounds.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

By His Excellency
ALVAN T. FULLER
Governor

A Proclamation

A RETIRED linotype operator of Charles-ton became greatly interested some years ago in the cause of animal protection. He conceived the idea of a national BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK, but after many attempts to have his plan taken seriously he became discouraged. It remained for the President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society to see some merit in the scheme, and to secure national recognition. In the fall of 1914, this was accomplished and the first national Humane Sunday and Be Kind to Animals Week was celebrated in the year 1915.

To make more general the kind and humane treatment of dumb animals who serve so well and so faithfully, the week of April sixteenth to the twenty-first is hereby set apart as

BE KIND TO ANIMALS ANNIVERSARY
and Sunday, April fifteenth, as

NATIONAL HUMANE SUNDAY

Appropriate observance of this day and week will make us better citizens and will bring home to all of our people the duty of kindness to every living creature.

Given at the Executive Chamber, in Boston, this eighth day of March, in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fifty-second.

ALVAN T. FULLER

By His Excellency the Governor

FREDERIC W. COOK
Secretary of the Commonwealth
God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts

In reading manuscripts for *Our Dumb Animals*, we are inspired to write, what we find ourselves constantly saying about these offerings—"Too long, too long." If contributors would only boil down their stories, by omitting all that is unnecessary and retaining only that which is of very unusual interest, how happy editors would be!

Slaughter-House Conditions in Massachusetts

YEARS ago we published a small booklet with photographs reproducing a large number of small, insanitary, filthy, wholly disreputable shambles in this state where animals were being slaughtered under an inspection which was little less than a farce. Painters, blacksmiths, plumbers, even boys were acting as inspectors. The carcasses of the animals killed taken into local markets and sold, of course, to the unsuspecting poor who feel obliged to buy cheap food. The result was a general cleaning up. Once more these same wretched conditions are being found to exist. When we reported them recently we were told we were relying on obsolete data of years ago. We are soon to reproduce some more photographs in a special publication of what the camera has seen within the past few weeks—not, however, in this magazine, they are too disgusting for that. If any of our readers or our newspaper exchanges receive this latest pamphlet they will await with interest, we imagine, what the proper authorities will do about it. It is not for us to prosecute for violation of the law relative to slaughtering and so stop this peril to the public health.

We have just heard of a man very particular about asking the blessing at his table and who then goes out and abuses his animals with heartless disregard of their suffering. We wonder if that fellow ever came across the words, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." Religion without love is something that has no existence. A sun without heat is a sun that is dead.

A termite, says *L'Ami des Animaux*, lays 80,000 eggs a day. A pair of pucerons (a species of flea) in a year give birth to 441 quadrillions, 461 trillions and 10 millions of their own kind. A pair of tomtits destroy 3,000 of these insects a day, a partridge 30,000 white grubs a year, and a swallow 1,000 insects a day. No wonder French agriculture seeks protection of the birds, and fortunately not all the progeny of the puceron reach maturity.

Agitation of Cruel Features Producing Results

PUBLICITY THE ONE MOST EFFECTIVE MEANS OF COMBATTING THE MISUSE OF ANIMALS

No Relaxation

IT will be recalled that in 1925 the British House of Commons passed a Performing Animals Regulation Act after a thorough and exhaustive inquiry by a Select Committee of the Commons. How much this legislation has checked or prohibited a vicious form of exploitation of animals in England it may be too early to determine. It was considerably short of the original recommendations as reported, but important as being the first of its kind and won in the face of relentless opposition.

Leading humanitarians and publicists are by no means inactive in connection with the present status of performing animals. In a recent issue of the *London Times* a vigorous and outspoken appeal to the public is made by a distinguished list of signers, including John Galsworthy, P. Chalmers Mitchell, George Bernard Shaw and others, both men and women. The following paragraphs are a part of their manifesto:

"There are experts on this matter who believe that, in spite of regulations, cruelty is inevitable when animals act to a time-table, and all professional performing animals have to do this. Besides this fundamental objection to all such forms of entertainment, it must be remembered—

"(1) That many of these animals are trained abroad, in places where there is no adequate equivalent to our animal protection Acts and where the general standard of treatment of animals is often deplorably low.

"(2) That, quite apart from the many and great sufferings that these animals endure in the course of their training and performances, the constant confinement and frequent traveling in small crates and boxes are other unavoidable sources of suffering, and constitute, therefore, a further objection to this type of entertainment.

"Will the public help to abolish this painful form of amusement by refraining from patronizing exhibitions in which performing animals have a part?"

The Zoo

PAULINE PEARL STRACHAN

THEIR eyes reveal the memories
Of cool, deep grass,
Of high, green aisles and fringed pools
Where creatures pass
In freedom from congealing fear
Of hunting man or prison-drear.

They still recall the melodies
Of birds, the jeweled notes
Which pierced the firmament at dawn
From gay, unfettered throats;
A brave, undaunted sun at noon,
At night a silver disc of moon.

These rigid bars inclose
The mighty stride
Of free-born creatures cramped in cage
A few yards wide—
A foot that once had felt no bound
Now chained to one gray lump of ground.

But let not pity kindle into flame.
All this is done in Education's name.



P. & A. Photos

Chafing in Chains—A Cruel Fate

What Price Cruelty?

THE moving-picture producing colony, whose headquarters are at Hollywood, Cal., is said to have \$10,000,000 worth of animals ready to draw upon in the making of films. The owners and trainers of these animals, not a few of whom are human failures as screen actors, infest the place in hopes of winning huge financial success in training animals for screen purposes. It is also a reckless and servile element that haunts and litters the environs of filmdom and stands ready to supply any kind of animal that picture producers will use.

How far the exploitation of dumb animals will be carried on must rest very largely with the picture-patronizing public. Will it support any amusement enterprise that is basically cruel? Will it pay the fabulous fees that are demanded by those who will go to any extent to snatch rare and exotic animals from the earth's remotest corners, so long as they can be made to profitably amuse?

The Jack London Club, with its rising 400,000 adherents, has made its influence felt in the suppression of animal actors upon the stage. If no other humane restraints are brought to bear upon the traffic and training of animals for film production, this club has attained a standing and reputation sufficient to curb the picture-making industry in the matter of cruelty to animals, present or prospective.

"TUSKO," one of the world's largest elephants in captivity, cannot be trusted. Several years ago he went crazy while on the road, caused considerable damage to property and injured his keeper. Trussed up in chains, deprived almost entirely of the freedom of motion, regarded as a "bad" elephant and treated as such, can anyone conceive of a more miserable existence for any living creature? But "Tusko" is valued at \$25,000 alive and he is the property of the circus. His earning power to his owner can be capitalized. His life must be prolonged. A prosecution for cruelty to him availed nothing in court. The case was dismissed for lack of evidence, we are informed. The natural question that any thinking person would put: Why should so unruly or dangerous an animal be kept in chains and torture? We believe that protests against Tusko's fate will be made from all over the civilized world. One recalls the lines:

"Go, see the captive bartered as a slave!
Crushed till his high, heroic spirit bleeds."

A recent dispatch from Madrid stated that a royal decree just issued makes armor obligatory for horses used in bull rings.

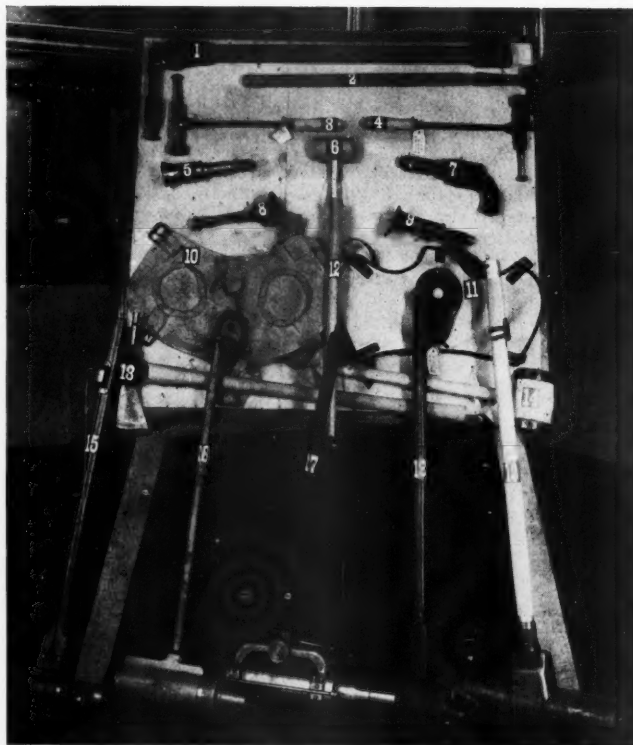
The demand of vanity is generally more cruel than that of necessity, though wearers of furs dislike to admit it.

The Great Cruelty and Slaughter-House Reform

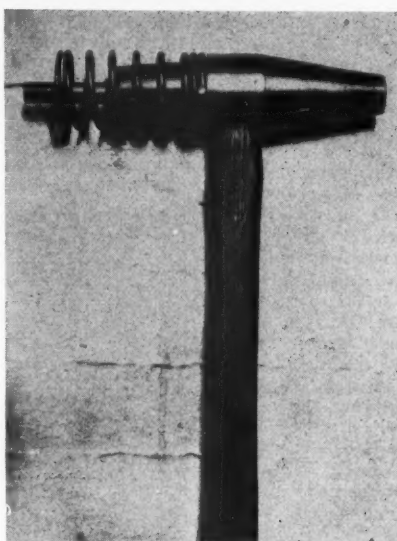
AT last we have something to say to those of our readers who have waited so long for a report from the National Committee on Humane Slaughtering. Only those who have served on the committee will ever know the difficulties that have had to be faced and the disappointments that have struck hard at hope. Three members of the Committee, Mr. Edwin S. Miller, president of the Erie County S. P. C. A. at Buffalo, New York; Mr. W. K. Horton, general manager of the American S. P. C. A., and Mr. H. Clay Preston, general manager of the Connecticut Humane Society, have gone to their final reward since the committee entered upon its forbidding task.

Hope was high among us when the ten-thousand-dollar prize was offered. A pneumatic device thoroughly practical and effective seemed almost a certainty. Hundreds of models were sent to us. Days were required to eliminate the wholly impractical ones. Three finally seemed to warrant trying out. We went to Chicago, and the packers gave us the opportunity for a demonstration. One of the three instruments, it was conceded by the committee representing the large abattoirs, needed only to be reduced in weight to meet the requirement of a knocking hammer producing instant and painless death. We turned it over to the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company. They agreed to give it the attention of their experts, and we felt confident our goal was just yonder and the road clear. Then came delay after delay, promise after promise from the Tool Company that in a few weeks at the most we should hear from them. For more than a year, to our frequent requests for information, came only a promise. Then the word, "We can do nothing about it. There is no money in it." Another tool company was urged to undertake the necessary changes. The same final answer: "Not enough money to make it pay us!" Still another pneumatic tool company was presented with the problem and went at it seriously and faithfully. Patterns had to be made, machinery devised to do the work, and again hope came to the front. But, alas, after more months had come and gone we were still baffled—an instrument too heavy for practical purposes and unable to meet certain necessary requirements. Our apparently rational belief in a pneumatic stunning device we were compelled to abandon.

During all this time an inventor, earnest, persistent, and deeply interested from a humane point of view, and who had been at our first demonstration with a pneumatic device of his own, kept working on another stunning instrument. With this he went personally to several large slaughtering places and tried it out, making such changes as the various trials with it suggested. The Committee met him at two such places, watched the operation of his hammer, and then, understanding that it would be given a fair testing in these abat-



A FEW OF THE THOUSANDS OF DEVICES SUBMITTED TO NATIONAL COMMITTEE ON HUMANE SLAUGHTERING



THE DEVICE COMMENDED TO THE PACKERS

toirs, waited several months for a report. After receiving the report one of the members of the Committee, Dr. W. Reid Blair, a trained veterinarian, now Director of the New York Zoological Park, succeeding William T. Hornaday, again visited the two abattoirs above mentioned and came back with the word that this device was the one for us to recommend to the packers who had promised

to co-operate with us for humaner methods in slaughtering if we ceased to call attention to what had come to be known as "The Great Cruelty" and could recommend a method which would materially reduce the suffering of animals in the process of slaughter.

This the Committee has done, saying, "We shall be glad to wait a reasonable time to know your reply with regard to its adoption."

The letter concluded as follows:

"Furthermore, will you be willing to have your representatives meet with our Committee to discuss what seems practicable and feasible for the future in reducing the sufferings of all our food animals in the process of slaughter?"

"Sincerely hoping that we may be able to announce to the American public that the packers have been willing to co-operate with us, by adopting the instrument recommended, we are

Very truly yours,

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, Chairman
FRANK B. RUTHERFORD
W. REID BLAIR
SYDNEY H. COLEMAN

National Committee on Humane Slaughtering"

We give here the photographs of a few of the thousands, literally thousands, of instruments, or drawings, or models of them, submitted to the Committee, also below them the device we are commending to the packers. It is a stunning device which drives a bolt some three inches long into the brain, causing instant unconsciousness. The three chief features of the hammer are, first, its weight—only seven pounds; second, the fact that the bolt is drawn back instantly from the skull of the animal by a strong spring; and, third, that the man handling it does not have to draw it back for the blow more than half the distance required for the present knocking hammer. This, of course, makes him almost certain to deliver the blow at exactly the proper spot. This means that instead of several blows having to be struck to drop the animal, one blow in the majority of cases will produce the desired result. Once the pens into which the animals are driven are narrowed so that they come in singly instead of two or three or four together into the same enclosure, where heads are moving about constantly, making it very difficult to direct the blow aright, with this device the operation will not only reduce to a minimum the suffering caused by the necessity that now exists of often striking so many blows, but the time required for stunning a given number of animals will be materially shortened. Furthermore, this same device can be reduced in size, or modified so as to adapt it to the stunning of the small animals, like the calves, sheep, and swine.

The report from the Institute of American Meat Packers we shall present to our readers as soon as we receive it.

Bird Neighbors

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photographs by the Author

A FEW years ago, when doing some plowing, I learned that a number of different species of birds were nesting in the field to be plowed. I decided to save the nests by leaving a bit of ground unplowed around each nest. But though I did my best for the birds, three of the four nests were ill-fated. But then I had the satisfaction of knowing I had done my best for the birds.



LARK SPARROW BROODING

The first nest I thus tried to save was that of a meadowlark. On one of my rounds with the plow, I frightened a meadowlark from a tuft of grass. The bird fluttered off, nearly brushing the horses as she did so. I stopped the horses, examined the grass carefully and soon located the nest, which held four eggs. I plowed as near the nest as I dared. Each time I passed the nest, the mother flew off, but returned to her nest as soon as I was off a short distance. All went well for a week. Meanwhile I had marked and planted the field to corn. Then, one night, something destroyed the nest and eggs.

My next attempt also proved a failure, though I did save the nest for the time being. A pair of brown thrashers had built their nest in a hollow, on the ground among the dead weeds. I plowed very carefully around this nest, just as I did about the meadowlark's nest. But this nest, too, was either deserted or destroyed in less than a week.

But my next attempt proved successful. The nest was that of a pair of lark sparrows. The birds had built their nest in a cluster of blue-eyed grass, on a rolling piece of ground. I left a large piece of unplowed ground about this nest. After the eggs hatched, the mother became very tame, so tame that I succeeded in getting a number of pictures of her without the use of a blind, or device for operating the shutter from a distance.

The fourth attempt also proved a failure. A pair of bob-whites had a nest near the edge of the same field in which the thrasher and lark sparrow nests were located. Naturally, it was an easy matter to save this nest, since I left a wide strip of unplowed ground near the fence. The nest at the time held eight eggs. I visited this nest the following day and found that it held but seven eggs, later there were but six, then five and finally but

four eggs, when it was deserted. I never learned what took the eggs.

For a time I felt it was practically impossible to save a nest after it had been built in a field that must be plowed. But last spring, I learned that it is not so hard. I learned when plowing a piece of ground for sweet corn that a pair of vesper sparrows had a nest there, in which lay three eggs. I plowed around this nest, planted the corn and found I had lost but six hills of corn by so doing. Best of all, the eggs all hatched and the young birds reached maturity safely. When replanting some corn the cutworms had taken, I spaded and planted corn where the nest was located. Thus far I had saved three young vesper sparrows without the loss of a hill of corn.

Later, this same pair of sparrows built a second nest a rod or two off in a piece of ground I wanted for a later planting of sweet corn. Naturally, I plowed around this nest as I did around the first which had now served its purpose. That same day, I discovered a third vesper sparrow's nest in the same field which held three young birds. I set a stake near the nest and plowed as near it as I dared. Once some loose dirt fell on the young birds. I took the little birds from the nest and cleaned the sand from them and the nest. Later, I plowed straight for the nest, stopping just before reaching it, and watching the horses carefully lest they step on the nest. When pulling the plow back, the eveners, which is always hard to control, fell beside the nest, again spraying dirt and sand over it. Once more I took the little fellows from the nest, brushed the sand from them and cleaned the nest. Before completing my plowing, I noticed that the mother was back on the nest hovering her youngsters. She stayed on her nest though the horses and I passed within three feet of the nest.

Later, I saved a fourth nest in the same way. I thus saved four nests in all last spring, all nests of vesper sparrows, in which thirteen young birds were successfully reared. And upon investigation I found that those thirteen useful songsters had cost me but six hills of corn. No doubt the parent birds had saved hundreds of hills of corn for me meanwhile, for I noticed that they fed their young large numbers of cutworms.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

Free samples will be sent also to prospective subscribers.

Wild Geese

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

THE gray wild geese are going home;
Their dart is in the sky!
They skirt the hills, they hover, gleam,
Those voyagers on high!
They know the arctic bloom is red
Within each petaled sheath;
That buds are bursting where the sled
Has crossed the snowy heath!

The Yukon tide is rolling far
To meet the open sea,
Wide waters 'neath the Polar star,
Wide waters where they'd be!
They feel the magic of a spell
The distant Northland knows:
A longing for the nesting-dell,
The slender fern, the rose!

The call is strong across the miles;
They need no longer wait,
And slipping out in steady files
They see the mountain-gate!
They see the home-land of their dreams;
They see the shining goal
And drift in peace upon the streams
In spring-time at the Pole!

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).



VESPER SPARROW, NEST AND YOUNG

Strange Facts About Snails

L. E. EUBANKS

THE eyes of a snail are on the ends of its feelers. The eye is small, barely discernible in fact; is far from powerful, as it recognizes little more than the difference between light and darkness; but it serves the snail's purpose very satisfactorily. Contrary to general belief, the snail does not draw his horns straight back into their receptacles; what he does is turn them inside out—just as we do a tight glove in removing it.

The little creature has a sense of smell, also ears (which lie close to the roots of the horns), but his breathing apparatus is one of his strangest features. Observation will disclose that on the right side a distinct hole occasionally appears, remains open a few seconds, and then closes again. This is simply a cavity in the snail's body into which at suitable intervals he allows a certain quantity of air to enter. When air has thus found its way into his interior, he keeps it there until the oxygen is exhausted by his vital processes; and what remains, laden with carbonic acid, is allowed to escape by reopening the little trap-door, and the receptacle is again filled with pure air.

The snail's tongue is ribbon-shaped, but with a saw-like surface. Distributed over it are tiny teeth, often as many as 30,000. As fast as one set of teeth are worn away, the incredibly long tongue uncoils and slips into position another set. No difference how old the snail becomes, he always has teeth. The snail's shell is a horny covering that serves to protect it against numerous foes.

Baby Chicks

THOMAS O'CONNELL

A HORDE of yellow fluff in store-window

Where mid-day sun gives glamour to the glass,
"Are for sale," and "cheap," so the posters show

To all the questing shoppers as they pass.

The crowded chicks, unmothered, hug the sand

So meagerly distributed on wood,

Until buyers with twenty cents demand

The ownership of one whose "health is good."

Then in cartons designed for "Pork and Beans"

Singly, or in pairs, they are taken home,

To learn of human tenderness, which means

Life in a shoe-box or the power to roam

Beneath the kitchen stove and play the part

Of toy to the children. The humans see

A loneliness consume the infant heart

And hear the life go out in crying plea.

Men of the past knew better homes for them,—

A clucking mother in a proper land—

And when I see them sold singly I stem

Conceit in being of the modern band.



It's hard enough to have no mother but an incubator. Please save us from the "Easter Chick" sale!

Boston, April, 1928

Dear Mr. Editor:—Won't you say a word on our behalf? The children hurt us, unintentionally no doubt, then forget us, and we die a wretched death. Please speak against the cruel practice of buying and selling us for Easter presents. Through our friend, *Our Dumb Animals*

"My Number 210"

DALLAS LORE SHARP

ROUNDING a point on the shore of Lake Worth I came upon two fishermen—a man and his wife, from Nebraska, according to the number plate on their automobile. Fishermen are kindly, leisurely folk, so I paused a moment. Out in the chop, where the channel current met the incoming tide of the lake, a little scaup duck was rocking. The bird was within gun range, watchful but unafraid.

"I wish I had my Number 210 here," said the fisherman, "I'd stop that pretty bobbing out there."

There was no conscious evil in the man's heart, just aboriginal savagery and gross matter-of-factness. He had been educated to shoot from childhood. He saw the "pretty bobbing" of the little duck but it meant only one thing to him—a rare shot, for this bird is quicker than the flash of powder. He did not want it to eat, he wanted it only to kill. He had been educated to kill.

I quietly looked him over—a man of fifty, probably, his speech clean and frank like his face; a mid-western merchant and farmer; not illiterate and not untraveled, with the marks of illness in his face and manner. He was here in Florida, he told me, trying to regain his health. There is no "average man" of course, but there is the "American man" by the millions, and this was one of the millions.

The first shadows of twilight were graying the waters of Lake Worth and darkening along the opposite hammock-wooded wall. Tall and strangely tropical to our unaccustomed eyes the cabbage and cocoanut palms, overtopping the hammock-growth, were etched against the graying and narrow line of the Palm Beach shore.

"Wonderful scene, isn't it?" sighed the fisherman, stopped by the beauty of the picture as he wound in his line. "So different, too, from Nebraska in January!"

The next morning found me early in the flatwoods on the Indian Town Road, not far from Lake Okeechobee. Travelers South know from the car window only the interminable flatness of the flatwoods, and the interminable pines. To the traveler on foot or by motorcar, however, who has an eye for composition and color, there is little forest scenery in America so full of scenery as the flatwoods of Florida. The last cracker shack was miles behind me; square miles of utter stillness, and red-brown columned spaces, and wild untroubled freedom, if there could be such

freedom, were about me, when I stopped the car in the narrow sandy road in order to avoid running over a dead bird.

It was a red-shouldered hawk in perfect spring plumage. I picked up the beautifully built creature, its beak, its crooked talons, its large piercing eyes and soaring spirit, strong, fierce, and cloud-climbing, only feathers, "owl-downy, soft feminine feathers" in my hand! A single shot had broken its wing.

I thought of the Nebraska fisherman and his "pretty bobbing" of the duck. Somebody had brought his "Number 210" with him here and stopped the pretty wheeling of the hawk above the high picturesque roof of the pines. Marvellous wings! And yet a shot can stop them. Another bird of the same species, not unlikely the mate of the dead one, was swooping from pine-top to pine-top about me with shrill, menacing cries. Its voice was of the forest. These are birds that belong to the remote wild range of the flatwoods, part of the picture, informing spirits of the vast scene. High in the blue the ever present vultures were waiting.

How slow is education that one must still expect this thing! Back along the road I had passed some wretched attempts at farming. Not far behind me lay the white piled wind-row of sand from a huge drainage canal through the Everglades, reaching dim and far off through the woods. I had come through a burnt-over section of the woods, one big dead pine, the last fagot of the fire, still aflame. These things I might deplore, but they belonged in a different moral category from the dead bird. The farming of the shallow sand of the flatwoods is pathetic; the drainage of the empire of the Everglades is inevitable; the forest fire might have been, and usually is, sheer criminal carelessness; but the wanton killing of beauty, the silencing of the wild voice of the wilderness, the destruction of the vermin-eating hawk—this shooting of birds is beyond palliation and without defence—except as we plead ignorance, primitive instincts, savage customs, and ancient sanctions, that even in America should have been outlawed more than a century ago.

I was amazed at the lightness of the bird in my hand. "Owl-downy" it was truly, mere feathers. Then my finger felt the sharp sternum bone, and blowing back the feathers, I saw only skin and bones. The wounded bird had slowly starved to death. Just one tiny shot had made lead of the feathered buoyant powerful wing, and the bird had dropped into the tall grass of the forest, had dragged itself out to the ditch along the road and finally died there, trying to pick up a living from the edge of the water.

I took out its gizzard and found it full of bits of sticks, and the shell of a beetle, and parts of the plated back and tail of a crawfish or some fresh water shrimp.

This was the "open season" for hunters in Florida, which implies a closed season, of course. Not so long ago it was always open season. The open season is now shorter than the closed season, and growing shorter every year. Education has done a wonderful work. It seems to be our only means. But it is fatally slow. For men still live by instinct, not instruction, still carry guns and speak fondly of "My Number 210."

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

APRIL, 1928

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

Will You Help Us? The Appeal from Fez

FEW of our readers know of the great work being done by Madame Bouchez at Fez, Morocco—great, not so much perhaps, up to the present time, by its extent, as by the courage, sacrifice, and veritable heroism of this brave woman. Only those who are familiar with the pitiable conditions under which wretched beasts of burden fulfill the tasks exacted of them in Northern Africa can understand the almost hopeless undertaking to which Madame Bouchez has been devoting her life. To attempt to relieve a victim of bandits found on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho is one thing, to dare to succor an army of wounded and dying men single-handed, and to keep at the gracious service with hope and without utter discouragement is quite a different thing. Yet that is just what this wife of a French army captain at Fez has set herself to do. As one who knows her well says, "To her skill, her self-abnegation, her immense pity and sympathy for animals she adds an unconquerable will and a rare knowledge of Morocco and the Arabs and the whole tangled web of life in Fez, Mohammedan and European, military and civilian. She speaks Arabic fluently. She is known to everyone, from the small boys in the street to the great caids and the Sultan himself.

"I went to Fez in August and saw our Fondouk and Madame Bouchez at work in it among her patients. There were twenty-three of them the day that I arrived, four skeleton-like horses that were to be put to sleep as soon as an authorization could be

obtained from the Pasha, while the rest were mules and donkeys. That morning one little donkey, still young but utterly worn out by overwork, lay down quietly on his bed of straw and died a few feet from me. Three horses had died the week before almost as soon as they were brought in. Those who lived were perhaps more to be pitied, since they had to go back to work when their sores were healed and their suffering relieved. Madame Bouchez told me that a number of times animals which had been returned to their masters have escaped and found their way back to the Fondouk: eloquent and pitiful testimony."

What is a fondouk? "A fondouk is in reality an Arab inn, the ground floor being a courtyard, sometimes open, sometimes covered, which is used as a stable, while above are rooms for travelers. The word is commonly employed, however, to indicate the stable alone and I shall use it in that sense."

To an Arab, an animal, those say who have lived among them, is not a creature of flesh and blood, able to feel pain and fatigue, but a mere machine to be worked and used until worn out and then cast aside. No matter how deep and cruel the sores under the saddle or the burden, the donkey or the horse must be forced to his work till he drops.

And here is what we want our readers to know. There has been formed in this country a committee to stand behind Madame Bouchez, to provide her with the needed funds to build a decent and suitable new fondouk, and to employ a competent veterinarian, blacksmith, and other assistants. This committee, consisting of Miss Cooper, of New York, and three other prominent women of that city, and others of whom the president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. is one, (the late Mr. Horton, general manager of the American S. P. C. A. was formerly a member) is now an incorporated body acting under the strictest regulations, and guarantees that every dollar contributed to this noble work reaches Fez less only the postage that takes it there. The president of our two Societies will gladly receive gifts for the committee, and forward them to the treasurer, from whom each contributor will receive an acknowledgment. We know of no worthier or more appealing humane undertaking than this. It calls for a generous response.

As no cruel thing can be done without character being thrust a degree backwards towards barbarism, so no kind thing can be done without character being moved a degree forward towards perfection. HERBERT SPENCER



The Dog That Talks

THIS is her photograph. Her name is "Princess." We went to the hotel here in Boston where she was with her owner, Mrs. Mabel A. Robinson, of Bangor, Maine. Naturally we were incredulous though our good friend, Frank F. Dole, who had seen her, told us she could talk. She is a French bulldog of the gentlest and kindest disposition. Mrs. Robinson bought her when she was a little puppy a few days old. Mr. Robinson's business calling him away from home much of his time, and the children married, Princess became the constant companion of her mistress. Many times Princess heard the words "Let's go out," "Want to go out," "Now we'll go out." One day there came from the dog's mouth the evident word "out." Then, amazed, her mistress began repeating familiar words like "Hello," "I will," "I won't." These words the dog learned to repeat. They always called the elevator in their apartment house when wishing to descend. Then Princess learned to say "Elevator" clearly enough for the elevator man to recognize it. Can she sing? Mrs. Robinson sings "la, la, la, la," and Princess imitates her, making a very distinct difference in the tones. Of course, the words have a throaty sound, they are not enunciated as clearly as by the human voice, but they are near enough to our human speech to be understood. Here are the facts. Make out of them what you will. It's easier to understand "Fellow," the beautiful police dog who understands so many things his master bids him do and who does them simply at the command of words. We have dreamed of going into the stable and hearing a favorite mare say "Good morning," but we never expected to meet a dog who would say "Hello!"

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.



JUST A CASE OF OVERLOADING IN FEZ—THE DRIVER WAS ON TOP OF THE LOAD BEFORE HE WAS STOPPED!



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter,
Methuen
W. W. HASWELL, *Superintendent*

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston
MRS. EDITH W. CLARKE, President
MRS. E. L. KLAHRE, Vice-President
MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, Treasurer
MISS HELEN W. POTTER, Secretary

MONTHLY REPORT

| | |
|---|--------|
| Miles traveled by humane officers. | 11,716 |
| Cases investigated | 693 |
| Animals examined | 5,290 |
| Number of prosecutions | 20 |
| Number of convictions | 18 |
| Horses taken from work | 87 |
| Horses humanely put to sleep | 74 |
| Small animals humanely put to sleep | 829 |
| Stock-yards and Abattoirs | |
| Animals inspected | 84,129 |
| Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep | 115 |

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Hattie Williams Haskell of Holyoke, Agnes B. Skiff of Northampton, Hannah E. Fitzgerald of Boston, and Charles F. Sherman of Watertown.

March 13, 1928.

Humane Sunday in Boston

Under the auspices of the Animal Welfare Workers, of which Mr. Chester Green is president, a mass meeting in the interests of animal protection will be held at Unity House, Boston, on the afternoon of Humane Sunday, April 15. Local anti-cruelty organizations are co-operating to make this a notable event. There will be a pageant relating to the life of St. Francis of Assisi, and the principal address will be delivered by President Sydney H. Coleman of the American Humane Association of Albany, N. Y.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

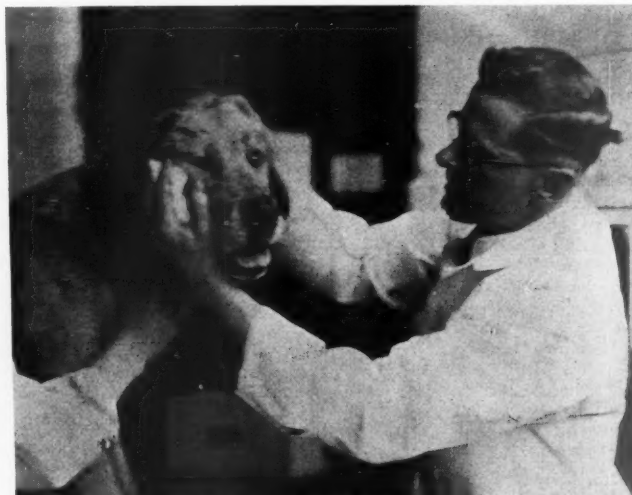
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*
FREE Dispensary for Animals
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR FEBRUARY

| Hospital | | Free Dispensary | |
|---|---------|-----------------|-------|
| Cases entered | 533 | Cases | 1,452 |
| Dogs | 375 | Dogs | 1,133 |
| Cats | 145 | Cats | 303 |
| Horses | 7 | Birds | 13 |
| Birds | 3 | Horse | 1 |
| Goats | 2 | Cow | 1 |
| Rabbit | 1 | Rabbit | 1 |
| Operations | 528 | | |
| Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15 | 70,938 | | |
| Free Dispensary Cases | 126,825 | | |
| Total | 197,763 | | |

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS Convictions in February

For overdriving a horse, \$30 fine, appealed, lower court sentence sustained.
Non-sheltering heifers, plea of *nolo*, \$10 fine.
Non-feeding dogs, \$25 fine.
Non-sheltering stock, convicted, case filed.
Cruelly killing dog, \$30 fine.
Cruel transportation of two days' old calf, plea of *nolo*, \$50 fine.
Non-feeding dogs, \$10 fine.
Non-sheltering horse, \$20 fine.
Non-sheltering horse, suspended sentence of thirty days.
Failure to provide food and shelter for horse, \$10 fine.
Driving galled horse, \$10 fine.
Overcrowding fowl, \$5 fine.
Overcrowding fowl, \$5 fine.
Working galled horse, \$10 fine.
Working galled horse, \$25 fine.
Non-sheltering cows, \$10 fine.
Cruelly driving lame horse, convicted, case filed, horse ordered destroyed.
Failing to provide proper food for two horses and a cow, \$20 fine.
Cruelly beating horse with club, \$25 fine.



DR. SCHROEDER EXAMINING "CHINOOK" AT ANGELL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

Educational Exhibit

AT the great convention of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association, held at Mechanics Building, Boston, the last four days of February and the first day of March, the American Humane Education Society of Boston united with the American S. P. C. A. of New York in conducting a booth for the distribution of literature and giving information about humane education. An Attract-o-Scope was used, showing lantern slides of animals and children. Thousands of pieces of literature and sample copies of *Our Dumb Animals* were given away to teachers and others, and many more copies were mailed to superintendents who registered their names and addresses for this purpose. The exhibit was in charge of Mrs. Stella J. Preston, director of humane education for the American S. P. C. A., and of Miss Ella A. Maryott, Band of Mercy organizer of the American Humane Education Society. The latter was assisted by Miss Emily W. Browne.

Auxiliary Loses Faithful Worker

The Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has lost an enthusiastic and tireless worker in the passing, on February 14 last, of Mrs. Lucius Cummings, who served faithfully as vice-president of the organization. Mrs. Cummings was a native of Pittsfield, N. Y., but for the last six years had resided in Brookline, Mass. Her husband died two years ago. In addition to her activities in the Auxiliary, she was a member of the Brightelmstone Club, the Florence Crittenden League and the Unity Club of Dorchester. Nine step-children survive her. She was full of good works and greatly beloved by her associates.

Noted Sledge Dog at Hospital

"Chinook," famous sledge dog of the north country and leader of the husky pack in many a great endurance race, was a recent patient at the Angell Animal Hospital in Boston. So serious had his condition become when an abscess formed near the eye and a sore jaw made him most miserable, that he was hurried to the Hospital for an operation. The surgical work of Dr. Erwin F. Schroeder gave him immediate relief and in a few days he was again fit to return to his native element.

Chinook is the grandson of Polaris, who made the dash to the North Pole with Peary. He loves the snowy wastes and may be taken by his owner, Arthur T. Walden of Wonalancet, N. H., when the latter goes with Commander Byrd on his expedition to the Antarctic next fall. Chinook is a remarkable specimen, now eleven years old. In March, 1926, he was the leader of the first team of sledge dogs to scale Mt. Washington.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

George B. Duff.....Australia
D. D. Fitch.....British West Indies
Nicasio Zulaica C.....Chile
F. W. Dieterich.....China
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder.....Cuba
Anthony Schmidt.....Czecho-Slovakia
Luis Pareja Cornejo.....Ecuador
William B. Allison.....Guatemala
Leonard T. Hawksley.....Italy
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé.....Japan
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton.....Madeira
J. A. Forbes.....New Zealand
Luther Parker.....Philippine Islands
Joaquin Julia.....Spain
Rida Himadi.....Lebanon and Syria
Mrs. Alice W. Manning.....Turkey

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark. Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Trust Fund Now \$1,320

THE trust fund being collected by the American Humane Education Society for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have worn out their lives in the service of promoting humane education, now amounts to \$1,320. Gifts already received are:

| | |
|--------------------------|---------|
| "Humanitarian" | \$1,000 |
| A friend | 50 |
| A subscriber | 150 |
| A lover of animals | 10 |
| Constant reader | 100 |
| A friend | 10 |

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. and specify that the amount contributed is for this Fund.

Be Kind to Animals Movement

THE first national Humane Sunday and Be Kind to Animals Week was celebrated in 1915.

Through the co-operation of the American Humane Association of Albany, N. Y., with the Boston societies, and especially through publicity given in *Our Dumb Animals*, the newspapers, schools, and, to some extent, churches of the country took up with the idea and a national observance has been held each year. Governors of several states, notably of Massachusetts since the time of Governor McCall, have issued annual proclamations, as have also mayors of a number of prominent cities throughout the country.

About three hundred organizations, in practically every state in the Union, unite in trying to emphasize at this time the especial claims upon us of the sub-human world. Special literature is published and distributed widely in schools and elsewhere, and in Massachusetts especially, a Humane Day in schools is recognized when particular attention is given by the teachers to this subject. For many years the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has distributed at its own expense to all teachers of elementary grades above the second, a pamphlet of school exercises. Poster contests are held in the schools of many states, as in Massachusetts, when thousands of animal posters are made by the pupils. Every year, during the week, there is an exhibit at the Boston Public Library of the best posters made by school children in Massachusetts.

The press of the entire country has responded liberally to the appeal for kindness to animals during this special observance. Prize contests are conducted by the American Humane Education Society of Boston for the best editorial on the subject in any newspaper during March and April, and by *Our Dumb Animals* for the best newspaper cartoons appearing during those months, illustrating the purpose of the special observance.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman is one of the notable clergymen who have preached special sermons on this theme.

NATIONAL HUMANE SUNDAY, April 15, 1928.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS ANNIVERSARY, April 16 to 21.

HUMANE DAY IN SCHOOLS, April 20 (except where vacation falls during that week, as in Boston, when it will be observed the Friday preceding, April 13.)

Kith and Kin

I AM the voice of the voiceless;
Through me the dumb shall speak,
Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear
The cry of the wordless weak.

The same force formed the sparrow
That fashioned Man, the King;
The God of the Whole gave a spark of soul
To each furred and feathered thing.
And I am my brother's keeper,
And I will fight his fight
And speak the word for beast and bird,
Till the world shall set things right.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

ALL living things, nor those the least
That wing the air, or wander dumb—
Thy suffering creatures, bird and beast—
Have need to cry, "Thy Kingdom come!"

JAMES RHOADES

Chicago Humane Education Society

THE objects of the new Chicago Humane Education Society, recently incorporated, are announced to be: For the advantageous distribution of humane literature, to enforce the humane laws of the city of Chicago and the state of Illinois, to rescue the homeless, helpless and unwanted stray animals. Already there are more than 150 members, and it is hoped to increase the list many fold. A small exchange shop is being conducted to raise money for the work. Just now the organization is striving with the Animal Protection Committee of the Woman's City Club to have the people of Chicago vote on a bond issue to raise several thousand dollars to build a new city dog pound, at the election of April 10. The officers of the Society are Mrs. William Dennison Morris, president, and Mrs. Charlotte L. Hunt, acting secretary. The office is at 159 North State Street, Room 1330, Chicago.

Humane Work in Mexico

Dr. A. T. Ishkanian, president of the Humane Association of Mexico, held twenty-seven conferences in the public schools of Mexico City, during one month recently. Everywhere he found the pupils enthusiastic for humane work.

The Mexican government is not behind the civilized governments of other countries in appreciation of the value of humane education in developing good citizens. The government has published 5,000 copies of the Humane Association's pledge, beautifully printed on large cardboard, which are being hung up on the walls of the schools for the study and practice of all the pupils under the leadership of their teachers.

The American Humane Education Society is co-operating with Dr. Ishkanian by supplying generous quantities of literature and half-tone cuts for use in illustrating his monthly paper.

A successful bridge and tea was held under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, on March 6.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

The Loveliest Lady

ELIZABETH B. THOMAS

FROM early childhood it had always been my ambition to own a real Kentucky thoroughbred, an ambition that at times seemed very far from realization. For Kentucky thoroughbreds are very expensive bits of property and are not usually the possessions of poor people. But I worked always with that end in view, possession of one of those most glorious bits of horseflesh. At times I almost despaired of ever reaching the goal, but eventually I heard of a fine mare for sale in a town near me. Her owner had purchased an automobile and found no time to exercise her, and was willing to part with her at a very reasonable price.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of that splendid mare, or the thrill it gave me just to look at her. I had seen many so-called fine horses but never anything like her. She stood in the sunlight, with her lovely head high, nostrils distended, ears pricked forward, seeming to disdain her rider and the whole universe, apparently listening to a voice too faint for our ears. I almost feared to touch her she was so lovely and so aloof. Once on her back everything was forgotten but the surge of power in her stride and the ease of her gait. Even in her canter there was the suggestion of unlimited, effortless speed, and she traveled like a feather. I was of course delighted and gladly paid what was for me a stiff price, for the privilege of calling that queen of horses my own.

For the first few weeks I owned her I was almost in despair. She was homesick, and a bundle of nerves and stubborn, unreasonable fears. Having been taken from the care of a groom that she had always known and put in the hands of a stranger who understood little about her temperament, she was miserable. Added to nervousness she had a terror of steam cars that amounted almost to insanity. The first time I rode her near a train she ran away with me and nearly wrecked the town. Even after I got more used to her the sound of a train would make her sweat with terror, in spite of the fact that she had a measure of trust in me.

But patience and kindness finally won her confidence and she became devoted to me, following me around like a dog and whickering a welcome at the sound of my step in the stable. In all things she was a perfect lady, dainty and fastidious in all her habits. Nothing could make her kick or bite and no matter how quickly I surprised her in her stall she never offered to harm me. I could go underneath her with perfect safety, could clean her off while she was eating and do all the things that most horses are quick to resent without a thought of fear. She was the finest of all horses to take care of and in the barn resembled more than anything else a good natured old sheep.

At present the mare is eighteen years old, but still spirited, still beautiful, and still devoted to me. She is a tall, golden chestnut, without a white hair on her, with slim, delicate legs, pointed ears, large, expressive eyes, and the loveliest manners in the world. She has wonderful action when traveling, seeming to almost spurn the ground with her dainty feet. She trots always with her neck arched and nostrils proudly distended. Though she has been in the town now for four years people still stop on the street to watch her go by, for she has the kind of action and carriage that command attention everywhere.

Will Never Sell His Cattle

MILDRED S. SULLIVAN

HERE'S one farmer who surely will never permit his cattle to fall into unkind hands. John Bertinshaw he is, of Norton, Massachusetts, where he operates a milk and cream route in the town which is the home of Wheaton College.

He loves his cattle to the extent that he foregoes great profits in the long run. He refuses to sell a single one of his cattle. For no price at all will he relinquish ownership. He much prefers to see them humanely killed. When he has to dispose of a cow, he takes her himself to the slaughterhouse where he waits until he sees that she is killed as painlessly as possible. He insists that they be shot and thus killed instantly rather than be knocked out and then killed.

And the animals certainly are not to be sold when Bertinshaw dies. He has ruled that they shall be painlessly killed and not a single one of them is to be sold, no matter what price may be offered. He prefers that to having his cattle treated unkindly.

Each one of the cattle has a name to which it responds. And there's no turning this herd out to pasture. Each one is taken separately and tied to a separate stake. In fact it seems as though they're real human and not cattle at all. "Spotty," the dean of the herd which he owns, is a black and white Holstein. She is eighteen years old and is still giving ten quarts of milk a day. He has a Jersey cow that is fourteen years old and is giving a good supply of milk each day.

Mr. Bertinshaw's cattle are gentle and tame so that any child can lead any of them. In

fact a small girl of his acquaintance often does lead them around.

This farmer has always treated the animals kindly and spoken to them in a friendly man-



MR. BERTINSHAW WITH FOUR-WEEKS-OLD CALF AND ITS MOTHER

ner. Thus he accounts for their gentleness. And their happiness is shown by their production of milk and cream. Here's one farmer who gets a dollar a quart for cream and can never produce enough to meet the demands of the public. His products are all of a very high grade and he attributes this to the kindly manner in which he treats the cattle.

Mr. Bertinshaw's day begins at three o'clock in the morning and does not end until late in the evening, but he is happy with his family of cattle.

Slaughter of the Innocents

It is difficult to reconcile the sight of hundreds of strong men, armed with guns, going abroad when the law says it is time to kill helpless and harmless things, with the finer feelings and instincts expected to be found in persons who ordinarily measure up to other human standards. While it is true that as many or more offenses are committed under other guises as there are crimes in the name of sport, yet no satisfactory argument has been advanced, except to satisfy hunger, to justify killing a beautiful and defenseless bird.

Stripped of its sportive and recreational features, hunting remains a primitive and bloodthirsty pursuit. There was a time long ago when man was forced to resort to the chase, but who today is compelled to slaughter wild life that he may eat? So we find in an analysis of the matter a throwback in nature to an early savage ancestry as a basis for the so-called sport. The boy with an airgun making birds his target is an example. Left to follow the bent in his nature, he is likely to become a confirmed killer regardless of consequences. —*Daily Mail*, Hagerstown, Md.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Protect Your Dog

MISS GENEVIEVE TORREY

THE biggest menace to your dog's life is the automobile. As manager of a large kennel I am often asked for advice on the subject of feeding and housing dogs, training and raising puppies, or the dangers of distemper, fits, rabies, etc. Rarely, if ever, am I asked about automobiles, but it is safe to say that in all but the extreme rural sections of the country the automobile annually kills and maims more dogs than are swept away by any one disease.

Furthermore, while one attack of distemper usually gives immunity (if the patient recovers) and this and a number of other ailments are chiefly dangerous during the dog's early life, the automobile threatens him every day that he lives and often strikes the same victim more than once.

To be sure, many dogs seem to become accustomed to cars and learn or can be taught to keep to the sidewalks and to "stop, look and listen" before crossing the street, but there is always the possibility of another dog or a stray cat to lure even the wisest of them into danger, to say nothing of the deliberately careless motorist who will not take the slightest pains to avoid hitting a dog.

Therefore, if you love your dog—if his life and safety mean anything to you—protect him. Train him to stay at home, to keep off the highways, to watch out for cars. Don't allow him to chase them! Remember, he is only a dog; he can't realize the speed and destructive power in those four-wheeled things that whiz past so bewilderingly—and so alluringly. You must think for him. If necessary, keep him on lead when going through the town or along a frequented road.

But, above all, build a fenced yard for him where he can enjoy the air and sunshine and get at least a limited amount of exercise in peace and safety. The yard need not be large, but the fencing must be high enough and tight enough to discourage any attempt to climb over or break out, for if he once manages to escape, it will be a difficult matter to make the yard dog-proof. For most dogs it is advisable to dig a trench around the yard and sink a board about eight or ten inches wide that will prevent his digging out.

Such a yard is not only a protection against cars, but it will keep your dog from straying around the neighborhood, chasing the next-door hens and investigating strange garbage pails. It is also a safe and convenient place to put him when it is not desirable to have him in the house, and if it contains shelter from the cold in winter and the heat of the sun in summer, you can leave him there, if necessary, for a day at a time, knowing that he will be safe and comfortable during your absence.

Dog's Tails and Self-expression

ELIZABETH BOHM

IF you had an important vehicle of self-expression which performed in a rough way the function of the words you could not speak, which you waved like a flag when you were happy and hid shamefully when you were miserable—and if some one cut it off, how would you feel?

Your owners, the people who had such power over you that they could even amputate your self-expression when they wanted to, would say that you looked much neater and smarter with it off. You would go through life looking neat and smart. But whenever

SO remarkable read the newspaper stories of the saving from death on the rails of Mr. G. P. Clark of Wadena, Iowa, by his two dogs that we wrote to him to confirm the facts. Mr. Clark writes us that the printed account was substantially correct. He suffered a stroke while walking along the track, fell and lay between the rails. His Scotch collie, "Treve," stood guard over his body, while his wife's coach dog, "Freckles," started down the track toward an oncoming train. The fireman saw the approaching dog, running and barking, and also the other dog with some object beyond, and gave notice to the engineer to stop the train. The engine came to a stand just before reaching the helpless man, who was very deaf. The coach dog had climbed the pilot of the engine and was "fighting" the engine with all his might, while the collie at the master's side was jumping up and down and barking. Mr. Clark was taken into the coach, the two dogs insisting on occupying the same seat with him. When Wadena station was reached, the dogs also demanded to accompany their master in the auto used to take him home.



"FRECKLES" AND "TREVE"

joy overpowered you and you tried to give it out to the world in a buoyant wiggle, nothing would happen.

How would you like that? Not at all. You wouldn't care how neat you looked. Neither do dogs.

A dog's tail expresses all his rhythm and art and individuality. No one who knows dogs will dare to say that they have no individuality. They have; and it manifests in their tails. Notice, for instance, the difference in the way middle-aged dogs and puppies manipulate this useful member. When a puppy is happy, his tail is a super-active blur. A grown-up dog's tail wags with a grand, free, perhaps rather dignified swing. And there is something almost venerable in the philosophical motion of an old dog's tail.

I wonder how the curious fashion of improving on the dogs nature made ever began. We cut off little pieces of them, such as ears and tails, and claim that they look better that way. If we are clever enough to improve on ready-made dogs, we ought to be clever enough to manufacture the dogs themselves, just as we like them, and not merely interfere and confuse the details. Or, if amputation is so becoming, why not start a fashion of amputating portions of ourselves? I can think of people who would look very well with their noses or ears clipped a little—perhaps better than they look now. Why don't we begin cutting off cunning bits of ourselves?

The answer is obvious. Because it would hurt too much. Because, when applied to a creature that could tell about its feelings, we would call such a practice "cruel" and "barbaric."

"Both dogs are well bred and excellent types of their respective breeds," writes Mr. Clark, who happily soon recovered from his dangerous experience. "Treve" appears to understand everything I say to him and in pantomime he tries to talk to me, aided of course by his natural voice, and changing the expression of his eyes and face. 'Freckles' guards Mrs. Clark, who cooks for a bridge gang eight months in the year, and her camp, day and night. During the winter months both dogs are here at home with us. They are great pals when they are together. Mrs. Clark and I often argue as to which is the smartest dog. The photograph was taken by our son, D. O. Clark, a disabled soldier."

A Dog's Mother-Love

Trixie is a little Spitz, mother of eight puppies. When the home of Fred Patton burned, the puppies were asleep under the part of the house where the fire started. They didn't have a chance. Trixie barked and looked piteously at the firemen. But even as she mourned she suddenly remembered something. There were other babies under that house—fifteen fluffy, golden chicks were under another part, where there was less immediate danger. Realizing there was no hope for her own brood, Trixie set about saving these tiny lives. Twelve times she dashed under that burning building, each time bringing out a chick, until firemen refused to let her go in again.

—San Francisco Chronicle

The Democratic Mule

Around Lincoln, old timers sometimes relate a little episode in the life of William Jennings Bryan. He owned an old mule that was kept in a pasture over on the north side of town. It was his custom to catch the mule and lead him up to the barn to be harnessed. There was nothing unusual in the procedure. The neighbors had watched him on numerous occasions.

Just before one of his campaigns he attempted to catch the mule as usual. The mule became obstreperous and refused to be cornered. A neighbor, seeing the difficulty, offered to help. Mr. Bryan replied, "No! If I can't manage this fellow, how can I expect to manage the Democratic mule after I'm elected?"

DAVID F. COSTELLO

Whipless Horsemanship

GARLAND D. FRONABARGER

See illustration on front cover

It is a well-known fact that animals respond favorably to kind treatment. Whipless horsemanship is responsible in a large measure for the success of the Stephens College Riding Academy at Columbia, Missouri, the only girls' school in the Middle West where college credit is given for courses in horseback riding.

"A horse is what you make him," says Capt. Rolf Raynor, riding master of the Academy. The Captain has a knowledge of horses, for he spent many years teaching Uncle Sam's cavalymen how to ride and care for their steeds. "A horse recognizes its master, can appreciate good training and kind treatment. Horseback riding is an old sport, but it is being re-inaugurated and has come to stay. A beautiful animal lends charm to the sport. Proper care enables an animal to develop to the best condition."

Whips are taboo at Stephens College. Ten of Missouri's best saddle-bred and gaited horses are used by the Academy and, according to faculty members, horseback riding is one of the few college courses to which girls are eager to devote all of their spare time. The girls are in love with the sport and with their mounts. Such fairy names as "Peter Pan," "Pandora," and "Fairie Queen" add a peculiar fascination to the sport, but not more so than does the response of the mounts to delicate feminine care.

I questioned the Captain as to the merits of this type of horsemanship. He answered: "It plays no minor part in the physical development of the participant and contributes to the morale of the college student as a whole, for no normal student body can view or participate in such sport and retain any sour feelings long thereafter."

"Furthermore, the riders are trained to have confidence in their mounts, and when they reach the stage where they can instinctively feel the slightest contraction of the muscles as their mounts prepare for an unusual plunge or shy at an object, and have confidence in themselves to control the animals, they are at home in the saddle. Then, what are the merits of horseback riding? The rider develops quicker thinking and greater will power, enjoys a day of wholesome and invigorating exercise, but her greatest acquisition is that confidence in herself and her mount, which functions as the great carry-over of training in all other walks of life."

All gaits are taught in the Academy. In addition to the regular instruction received, each of these gaits is further indicated and controlled by a certain pressure from either heel of the dainty rider. It is apparent that the horses recognize each of the girls, but as kindness is an essential point of their instruction the animals respond almost as readily to the treatment of one girl as to that tendered by another. For those who can't "stick" when they begin their training the Prince of Wales Club was formed, doing honor to the Prince "who every day, in a different way, falls off his gallant steed." But the Prince is a good horseman and the club has served to stimulate a greater interest in the sport.

There is no other single activity of the college, according to faculty members, so popular as this. It is especially significant in that it has created a greater love for animals. Following an hour of training the horse is usually rewarded by a feminine hug and is slipped some dainty tid-bit from the rider's pocket.



Across Continent to Enjoy New England Winter

AN overland journey from San Francisco to Marthas Vineyard to enjoy the bracing climate and revel in the out-door sports of a New England winter was made early in January by Mrs. Frances Newhall Woods, Jr., and her children, Virginia, Frederick and Newhall, also Mrs. Woods' mother, Mrs. E. W. Newhall. With them and occupying a special car attached to a Southern Pacific express came also a dozen saddle horses and ponies, four dogs and a cat—they are only a part of the animal pets and companions of the Woods' family in their California home. But six days were required to make the transcontinental trip and by special permit the human members of the party often mingled with their devoted attaches and looked after

their every comfort en route. Disembarking from the steamer which carried them from New Bedford to the Vineyard, the entire party, happy in the anticipation of reaching their journey's end, were grouped upon the landing as shown in the accompanying picture. The last lap was made with the horses and ponies traveling afoot and carrying others of the party over snow-covered roads to the Vineyard estate, where they will all sojourn for several months.

Mrs. Woods is a genuine lover of animals. Her children share with her a similar predilection. They are all members of the humane society. They know that life is made happier by association with animals, by the love of our dumb animals, so called, for their friends.

Work Horses

CAROLYN CAMPBELL

*If Pity is akin to Love,
I love those horses best
Who have a heavy load to bear,
Who have scant time to rest
Except while standing in hot sun
Or biting wind and rain
For their masters to come out
And drive them on again.*

*I like to ride a saddle-horse
With spirit and with pride,
But the horses I love best
Are those I cannot ride,
Who may not bear a load so light
And gallop in the wind,
But who must pull from morn till night
The heavy load behind.*

Does Not Want an Automobile

At 84 years of age Dr. Wallace McGeorge of Camden, N. J., prefers to drive his thirty-year-old gray mare, "Baby," to autos which, he says, "are too risky for me." Recently the doctor is reported to have said: "Why, I used to drive around the country when there were only dirt roads, and I wouldn't change to an automobile at this late date—not for anything. 'Baby' may be slow, but she gets me there just the same. I'd rather have my carriage and Baby than any car on the market." Dr. McGeorge has been practicing medicine in Camden since 1893 and is one of the most revered members of his profession there.

Humanity, torn asunder by five years of war, is on the brink of wars still more monstrous where millions of young lives and all the hopes of the future would be irremediably engulfed. If women do not fight to the last breath against the approaching scourge the blood of their sons be on their own heads. They will have been accomplices in the massacre which they had not the energy to prevent. Nothing can excuse those who remain passive, weary, waiting or resigned in the face of the greatest Crime in the life of the world.

ROMAIN ROLLAND

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and thirty-one new Bands of Mercy were reported in February, nearly all being in schools. Of these, 192 were in Virginia; 173 in Massachusetts; 65 in Rhode Island; 51 in Pennsylvania; 46 in Canada; 32 in South Carolina; 15 in Texas; 14 in Georgia; 12 in Tennessee; eight each in Illinois and Syria; three each in Delaware and Washington; two each in Minnesota, California and Philippine Islands; and one each in Connecticut, Mississippi and Arizona.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 167,102

Why Are Squirrels Disappearing?

DR. A. H. PALMER

PERHAPS you have noticed that our squirrels seem to be disappearing. They are nowhere so numerous as they were a few years ago. The reason is not far to seek. In and near our cities the dogs chase them away and frighten them so frequently that they cannot long endure nor increase in number. Out in the country the ruthless hunters slay them without remorse. Our small wild life is disappearing just as our large wild animals like the buffalo and the deer have done. The few remaining buffalo herds are found only in remote valleys of the Yellowstone Park and the unfrequented portions of Canada. So, too, squirrels are still numerous in dense woods where hunters never penetrate. They are still abundant in the Canadian Rockies and in the Coast Ranges of the northwestern portions of our continent.

Squirrels thrive in Western Canada because they are comparatively unmolested. The virgin forests of that region show little change from the primitive conditions which obtained there a century ago. Certain regions have been set aside as refuges for game and birds. There the wild life is prolific. It pays to protect our animal friends. We do not wish squirrels to perish from the earth as many other wild animals have done in the past. Future generations will not hold us guiltless if we continue to slaughter and to decimate our remaining wild animals. We have a sacred duty to perform in passing on to the future the wild life which we have inherited. In order to do this we must protect that which remains by means of refuges and game preserves.

When Charles Kingsley was asked the source of his exquisite sympathy and fine imagination, he paused a space and then answered, "I had a friend."



Wide World Photos

CELEBRATED REFUGE FOR MONKEYS AT BLIDA, NEAR ALGIERS

Every year, in December, the wild monkeys come down from the mountains in this part of Africa to get food in the town of Blida. For years, tourists and natives have been accustomed to feeding these animals during the season when their natural sources of food supply are scarce. The result is that all the monkeys in the region formed the habit of migrating to this town, and their coming is very picturesque. Many tourists are attracted to the town by the unusual spectacle.

"Blessed Are the Merciful"

MRS. ALICE B. HUTCHINS

IN her pleasant home, in the suburbs of Boston, sat a sorrowful mother, weeping and sighing. Her only son had left home after a quarrel with a stern father, and she did not know where he was. Day after day she had watched and waited for a letter, but in vain.

Suddenly, there were two quick rings at the door, the signal he always gave, and she rushed to answer it, but in place of the son she expected, she found a small boy, with a blue badge with white star on his coat.

"Missis," the small boy said, "us Band of Mercy boys are asking the folks around here to put out water, and something for the poor old stray kitties to eat."

"I can't be bothered with old cats," she replied.

"But my Daddy says that if we are merciful, we will get a blessing for ourselves," said the small boy.

Being impatient and disappointed, she closed the door before he had a chance to say anything further. As she walked to the window some hours after, she saw a poor, starved looking cat, and remembering the words of the small boy, she immediately put out a saucer of milk, and some small pieces of meat, which the poor animal devoured in a few minutes. Each day she continued to place food in her yard, and quite a few animals came who were hungry and thirsty. One morning as she was doing this, she heard two quick rings of the bell. "There is that Band of Mercy boy again," she said to herself, and she hurried to the door, but what joy and happiness, when she opened the door, to find her own boy instead!

"I am so sorry, Mother," he said, "to make

you suffer, but I will not go away again, no matter what Father says."

Surely this was the blessing she had obtained for deeds of mercy, and when she told Harold, her son, about it, he said, "Now, what can we do for those youngsters?"

After thinking it over, he decided to try to give them an outing, and the neighbors were surprised to see a large sign in the front window,—

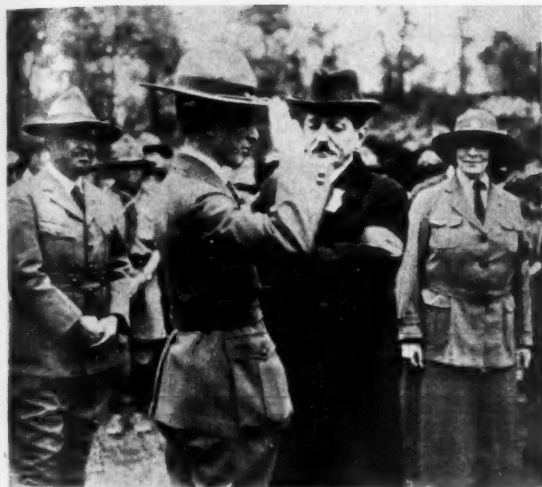
AUTOS WANTED

One of the neighbor's sons came in just as soon as he saw it and asked "What's the idea?" When told of the plans, he said, "Good sport! I will be the first, and I have a chum in the flag business, and we will have every car decorated."

A small boy was passing, and they called him and asked him to bring to the house any boy wearing a badge with a white star on it, and it did not take the youngster long to find one, and the plan was told to him, and he was to spread the news that the next Saturday, at 10 o'clock, there was to be a Band of Mercy Outing to the Blue Hills of Milton, and all the members were invited.

One after another the neighbors owning automobiles called, and the next Saturday the street was crowded with happy boys and people who came to see them start. Our story, which opened with sorrow, closes with joy, on account of the work of a small Band of Mercy boy.

All who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.
BYRON



International

U. S. Ambassador Charles MacVeagh pinning a medal on a Japanese Boy Scout who rendered service to the growing movement in Nippon to encourage greater kindness to animals. At the right is Mrs. Frances Cameron Burnett, wife of Col. Charles Burnett, military attache at the American Embassy, who has been active in the Be Kind to Animals movement.

A Winter Bread-Line

DIANA DEAN

THIS morning I was awakened by the chirping of the birds and on going to the window found that during the night a heavy blanket of snow had covered the ground, and on the fence of our neighbor's yard sat, I am sure, one hundred sparrows, together with two starlings, while on the ground about twenty-five stray pigeons were huddled in the snow.

In a very few minutes, along came a black and white cat, known in the neighborhood as "The Tramp," who took up his position facing the kitchen window of our neighbor's house, not a foot distant from the pigeons, and whose appearance on the scene did not in the least disturb either birds or pigeons, in fact they seemed to welcome him as a companion in distress.

Immediately following "The Tramp's" arrival, a black squirrel appeared, ran hurriedly up the rain-pipe, close to the window, and took up an expectant posture on the sill.

Very soon the window opened and our neighbor appeared with scraps of meat, which he threw to "The Tramp." The small birds and pigeons flocked around him, and it was not long until a large bowl of crumbs were scattered widely for them. The squirrel, too, got his dole of peanuts.

The picture is one which will not soon be forgotten, and as I turned from the window the thought came to me, what a beautiful manner in which to begin the day, ministering to the needs of our Father's dumb creatures, and how well pleasing in His sight, when we remember that "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice."

Teachers everywhere are requested to observe Humane Day in Schools, Friday, April 20, or the nearest convenient date.

All at Once

All at once the leaves have opened,
All at once the flowers have bloomed,
All at once has Nature spoken,
And earth's breath is sweet perfumed.

All at once the birds are mating—
See them in each leafy tree
Eagerly the home nests building.
Singing roundelay and glee.

Flora and her flower fairies
Revel now in each parterre,
Elfin's sylvan haunts are laden
With wild blossoms rich and rare.

Grass grows in the sunshine mellow,
Children romp now, wild and free;
Spring shines in their laughing faces—
Spring is beautiful to see!

Courage, sad hearts! Winter's over,
Joys may with the Spring be born;
Let no dark, no doubting shadow
Mar God's bright Spring days with scorn.

All at once, like inspiration,
Let this thought give perfect rest;
He who wisely rules the seasons,
For our welfare knoweth best.

MARY E. LAMBERT



BRINGING HOME THE SAP

IN the accompanying picture the two hardy youngsters have trained their faithful friends to haul home the sap from the distant maple orchard. These dogs actually enjoy the job and are always ready to be harnessed up. They were trained to the task from puppyhood and have never been overloaded or ill-treated. There are many sap orchards in the northern states, but few have a better way of getting the sap home than the boys shown in the picture.

C. H. C.

We urge the observance of Humane Sunday, April 15, in every Sunday-school and in every young people's service.

Around the world it goes, illustrating kindness to animals—

THE BELL OF ATRI

The last order we have received is for a film to be sent to the Hawaiian Humane Society, Honolulu, where the largest moving-picture houses have agreed to show it during the Be Kind to Animals Anniversary, and to send it over the whole island circuit.

Mrs. Rose Eddowes of Sorrento, Italy, who recently received the "Bell of Atri," says that her film is going the rounds in that country, and that calls for it have been received from Taormina, Naples and Milan.

Sale orders, either on inflammable or safety stock, standard width, 35 mm., may be filled within ten days of receipt. Available for rental during the BE KIND TO ANIMALS ANNIVERSARY, April 16-21, 1928. Address,

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

The Deer Season in Massachusetts

WE sympathize with Mrs. Helling of Lenox, who writes to the *New York Herald* that if our deer are to be hunted and shot year after year it would be far better to have the state take the matter into its own hands and send out trained hunters to do the work rather than to let hundreds of men and boys start out once a year to wound and maim scores that they are not marksmen enough to kill. The story she tells of what she has seen of mutilated and suffering deer crawling away to die, or discovered dying where further escape was impossible, is pitiful. We could wish for their sakes that these beautiful creatures could be exterminated by one fell and painless stroke. To increase the open season from one to two weeks can mean only more torture to our deer and the final vanishing of this form of wild life from our forests. The bill for the longer season should be killed in the legislature.

Dogs in the Public Prints

The horse lover will claim still for the horse the first place in man's affection, the cat lover may argue about the supremacy of feline intelligence, but it is the dog that has by far the chief place in the news of the day. We have not been reading for twenty years manuscripts about animals without realizing that there is as much written about the dog as about all other animals put together. If we were to allot the space in our monthly issues in proportion to the manuscripts on the subject received, *Our Dumb Animals* would qualify as a dog journal rather than as a general magazine about animals. It is the same with the newspaper cuttings sent to us each month. Many a good dog story cannot be told here because the space given to that animal already is more than filled. Our monthly Hospital report in another column shows that for every other animal entered in our Hospital proper there were two dogs entered, and for every other animal entered in the Free Dispensary there were three dogs entered. Does this indicate the comparative place of the dog in man's affection?

The best posters, made by school children of Massachusetts, in the annual prize contest of the S. P. C. A., will be displayed at the Boston Public Library, Copley Square, the week of April 16.

Cruelty and the Church

W. F. H. WENTZEL

Field Representative, American Humane Education Society

IN the wisdom of Jehovah it seemed well that man should serve in a place of responsibility rather than be a care-free idler, wherefore he committed unto him possibly the greatest, highest and noblest task that man was able to carry. That which he had created for his own pleasure, the par excellence of his handiwork upon earth, that which was only one step removed from man made in his own image, that which could suffer pain, and know happiness, which could sing songs of joy, and express love and devotion, of these God spoke in Genesis 1:28, when he blessed man and said "HAVE DOMINION OVER THE FISH OF THE SEA, AND OVER THE FOWL OF THE AIR, AND OVER EVERY LIVING THING THAT MOVETH UPON THE EARTH." This was "The First Great Commission."

Is it not reasonable that as we administer dominion over this sentient handiwork of our Heavenly Father, by him entrusted to us, that we do so in the spirit of him in whose image we were created? Is it not reasonable that justice, mercy, kindness and love should dominate this dominion, and that failure to do so is an offense to God in carrying out "The First Great Commission"? Cruel, brutal and inconsiderate treatment of these creatures develops a depraved character and an unworthy servant of the Most High God. In plain language Cruelty is sin and its blighting influence and far-reaching effect is such as must command the prayerful consideration of the Church and every organization seeking to develop character and spiritual perfection.

Not many of the church bodies as yet press the importance of teaching Humaneness as a definite responsibility of the church. Yet we may well join the Prophet Isaiah in exhorting our co-laborers to "CRY ALLOUD, SPARE NOT, LIFT UP YOUR VOICE LIKE A TRUMPET AND SHOW THE PEOPLE THEIR TRANSGRESSIONS."

In the name of sport, adults and youth are killing and torturing uncountable multitudes of God's creatures. Probably no other practice is so prone to awaken the bloodthirsty instincts of the baser self, serving to breed murder, war, and brutal crime.

Christ called himself the Good Shepherd

and by example and precept over and over exemplified the spirit of kindness. No true disciple of His can be cruel and likewise no cruelist can be a true disciple. Great teachers of all times were humanitarians. Moses taught with great detail a very considerable program of animal treatment. St. Francis, whose memory is beloved by all, showed the utmost devotion toward God's creatures. Luther, Wesley, and the outstanding churchmen of all generations visualized and bespoke humane excellence among the virtues of good religion. The preacher who fails to give this theme a place in his seasonal meditations with his people merely has not taken time to analyze the problem and falls short in following the leadership of the great teachers who thus used so great a channel for the enrichment of human ideals.

Contests Open Through April

For the best editorials on the Be Kind to Animals Anniversary of 1928 the American Humane Education Society offers prizes of \$50 and \$25, the money to be paid to the newspapers publishing the editorials during March or April, 1928.

For the best cartoons illustrating the Be Kind to Animals idea, published in any periodical during the months of March and April, 1928, similar prizes are offered by *Our Dumb Animals*, to be paid to the successful artists.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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